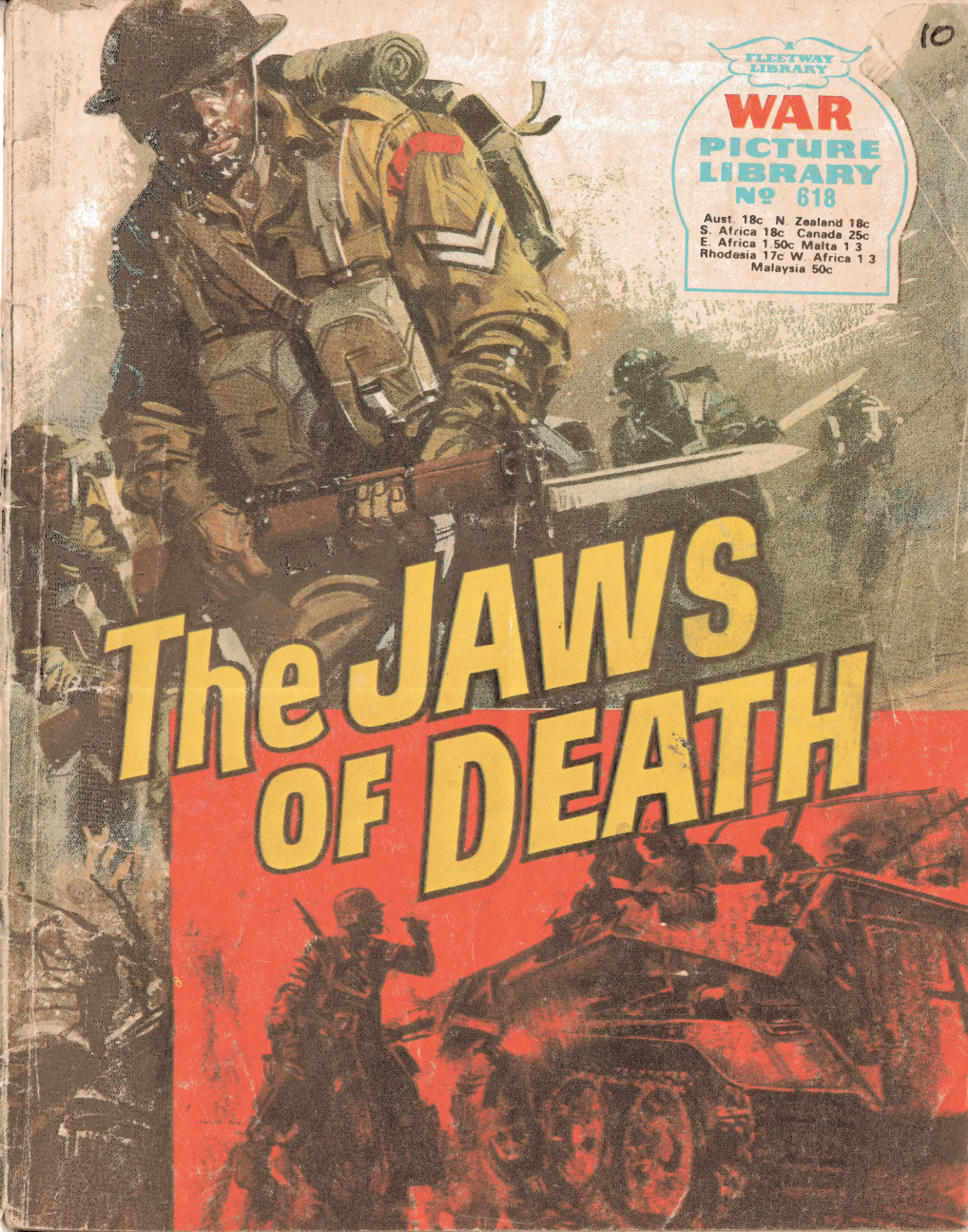


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# The JAWS OF DEATH





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# THE JAWS of DEATH

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF JANUARY 1945, THE GREAT GERMAN COUNTER-OFFENSIVE IN THE ARDENNES HAD BEEN TURNED AND, DESPITE ARCTIC CONDITIONS AND BITTER OPPOSITION, THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FORCES WERE STEADILY CARVING THEIR WAY INTO THE ENEMY SALIENT.



## Chapter 1. *The Troublemakers*

IN THE BITING COLD OF A WINTER'S DAWN, THE BATTLE-WEARY VETERANS OF THE 4<sup>TH</sup> FUSILIERS WAITED FOR THE ORDER TO ADVANCE.



SERGEANT WILLIAM GRANT GAVE A WRY GRIN AND TURNED TO THE PLATOON POSITIONS.

BRADY, QUINCE — WAKE UP, YOU TWO LAYABOUTS! THE DIRT STARTS FLYING IN THREE MINUTES...



## The Jaws of Death

5

THE LAST SECONDS TICKED BY. A RED VEREY LIGHT SOARED SKYWARDS AND AMERICAN SHERMAN TANKS LURCHED CLUMSILY THROUGH THE BRITISH LINES.

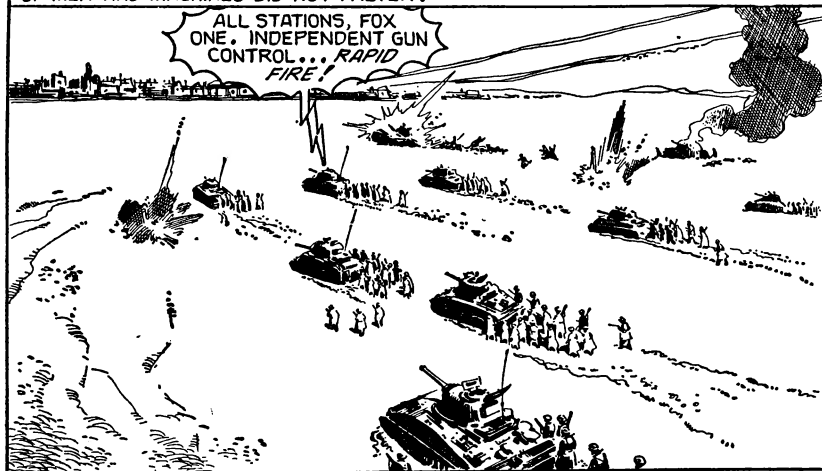


WITH THE CLATTER OF THE TANKS MUFFLED BY THE DEEP SNOW, THEY ADVANCED IN AN UNCANNY SILENCE. SID QUINCE, THE WORST DEFAULTER IN THE BATTALION, TRUDGED FORWARD WITH A NEWCOMER TO THE UNIT, 'BOXER' BRADY.



## The Jaws of Death

AS THE RANGE CLOSED, THE AIR FILLED WITH THE SHARP RATTLE OF SPANDAUS, PUNCTUATED BY THE VICIOUS COUGH OF ANTI-TANK GUNS. BUT THE RAGGED LINE OF MEN AND MACHINES DID NOT FALTER.



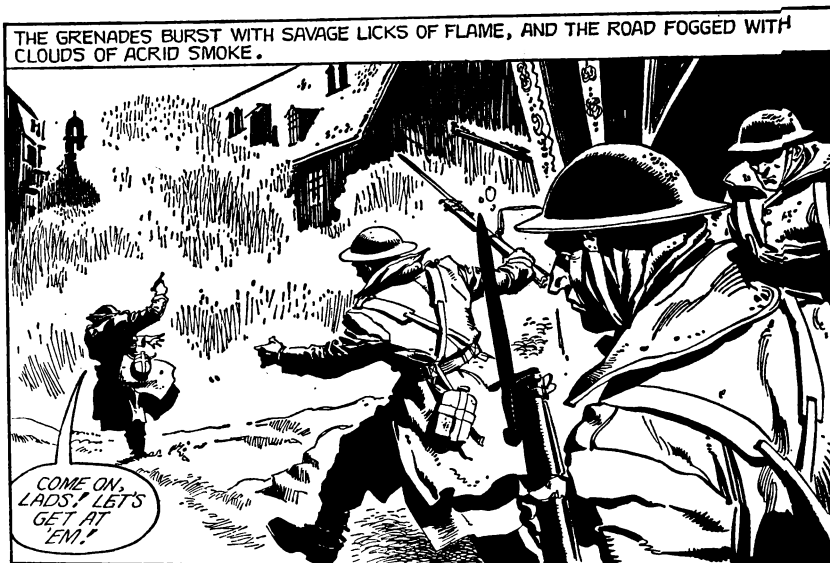
IT WAS WHEN THREE PLATOON REACHED THE RUBBLE-STREWN OUTSKIRTS OF THE SOUTHERN EDGE OF THE TOWN THAT THE LEADING SHERMAN HALTED.

HEY, LOOTENANT! THE KRAUTS GOT THE DROP ON US WITH ONE O' THEIR BIG PEA-SHOOTERS. CAN YOU NAIL IT FOR US?

WILCO! WE'LL MOUSE-HOLE OUR WAY UP THE STREET AND TAKE 'EM FROM THE FLANK.







## The Jaws of Death

THE GERMAN GUNNERS FOUGHT WITH THE FEROCITY OF CORNERED RATS. BUT THEY STOOD NO CHANCE AGAINST THE VETERANS.



WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE GUN POSITION WAS TAKEN—BUT DEATH STILL LURKED IN THE RUINS.





## The Jaws of Death

9

LIEUTENANT CLARK'S REACTIONS WERE RAZOR-SHARP, BUT THE BURST FROM HIS THOMPSON WAS NOT QUICK ENOUGH TO STOP THAT LAST GESTURE OF HATRED.



THE LIEUTENANT HAD MADE A DESPERATE BID TO AVERT DISASTER. BUT FOR HIM, THE SANDS OF TIME HAD ALREADY RUN OUT.



FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, THE SERGEANT STARED WITH UNSEEING EYES AT THE CRUMPLED BODY OF HIS OFFICER.



HE DID IT  
T'SAVE US, SARGE.  
SOMEHOW, IT'S HARD  
TO BELIEVE HE'S  
GONE...

HE ALWAYS USED TO  
JOKE ABOUT THE TIME WE'D  
HAVE, WHEN WE REACHED  
BERLIN.  
NOW...

# The Jaws of Death

THEN THE SERGEANT TOOK A GRIP ON HIMSELF. THE FRONT LINE SOLDIER HAS NO TIME TO MOURN THE DEAD.

NO USE STANDING HERE BROODING, WE'VE STILL GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS. GET THE LADS DUG IN, AND THE CASUALTIES BACK TO THE R.A.P.

OKAY, SARGE!

ROCHEVAL WAS IN ALLIED HANDS — BUT THE COST HAD BEEN HIGH.

HEY, SOLDIER — SEEN BAKER COMPANY H.Q.?

YEAH, 'BOUT THREE HUNDRED YARDS BACK. THEY'VE TAKEN OVER A JERRY BLOCK-HOUSE — YOU CAN'T MISS 'EM.



## The Jaws of Death

11



# The Jaws of Death

WHEN THE FUSILIERS REACHED A REST CAMP, SERGEANT GRANT CALLED BRADY TO ONE SIDE.



SULLENLY, BRADY SLOUCHED AWAY TO HIS BILLET, WHERE QUINCE SYMPATHISED WITH HIM.



FOR A MOMENT, BRADY HESITATED—BUT QUINCE HAD A GLIB AND PERSUASIVE TONGUE.



## The Jaws of Death

13



# The Jaws of Death

BRADY RETURNED TO CAMP UNDER ESCORT.

SORRY TO DRAG YOU OUT, SERGEANT — BUT IS THIS MAN ONE OF YOURS ?

HE IS ! WHAT THE DEVIL'S HE BEEN UP TO NOW ?

OUT OF BOUNDS, AND RESISTING ARREST.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, SERGEANT GRANT HAD NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT BRADY. BEFORE REVEILLE HE WAS AT THE RAIL HEAD TO MEET HIS NEW PLATOON COMMANDER.

THE NAME'S GRANT, SIR. I'M YOUR PLATOON SERGEANT.

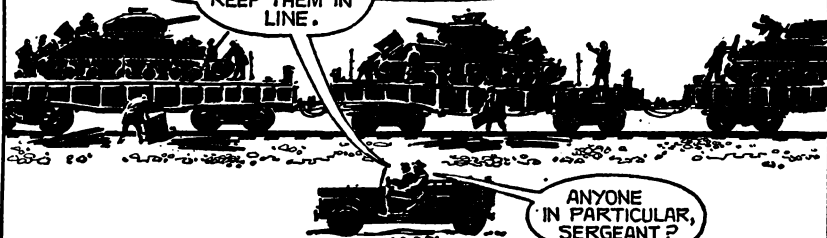
PLEASD TO MEET YOU, SERGEANT. I HEAR YOU'VE HAD A PRETTY ROUGH TIME. IS THE PLATOON STILL IN GOOD SHAPE ?



## Chapter 2. New Blood

LIEUTENANT MICHAEL WILSON WAS YOUNG, KEEN AND CONFIDENT. FOR HIM, ACTIVE SERVICE STILL HELD AN AURA OF GLAMOUR.

THEY'VE BEEN UP THE SHARP END A LONG TIME, BUT THEY'RE A GOOD BUNCH. OF COURSE, THERE'S ONE OR TWO BAD HATS THAT NEED A HEAVY HAND TO KEEP THEM IN LINE.



ANYONE IN PARTICULAR, SERGEANT?

THERE'S ONE MERCHANT IN THE GUARDROOM RIGHT NOW. FELLOW CALLED BRADY. GOT SHOVED UNDER CLOSE ARREST LAST NIGHT, BUT YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, SIR...

THEY'RE MY MEN NOW, SERGEANT. YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ABOUT HIM.



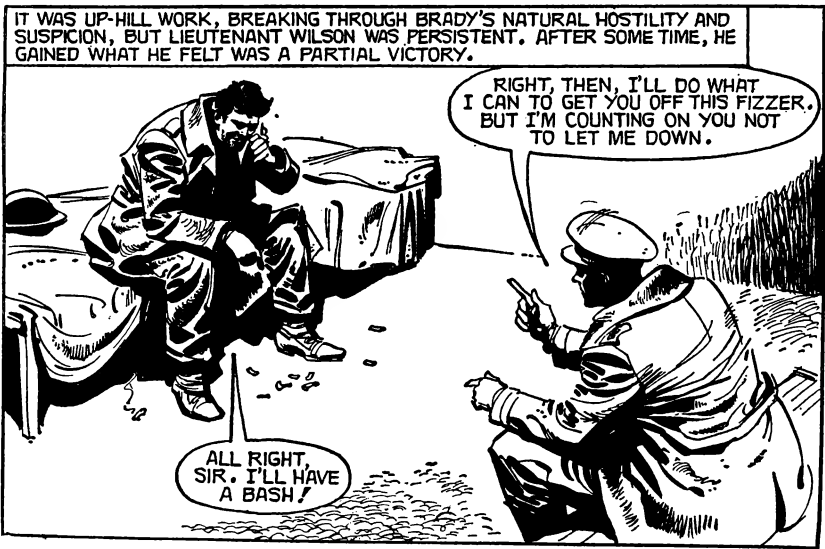


## The Jaws of Death



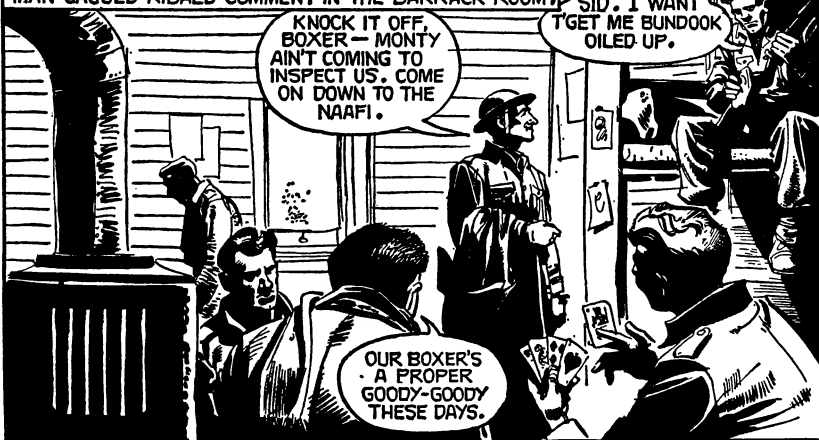
## The Jaws of Death

17



# The Jaws of Death

WITH SOME DIFFICULTY, LIEUTENANT WILSON SUCCEEDED IN HAVING THE CHARGE AGAINST BRADY QUASHED. FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE STARTLING CHANGE IN THE MAN CAUSED RIBALD COMMENT IN THE BARRACK ROOM.



EVEN THE CASE-HARDENED SERGEANT GRANT WAS IMPRESSED.



## The Jaws of Death

19

FOR THE FUSILIERS, THE BRIEF RESPITE FROM WAR WAS OVER. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, RE-FITTED AND EQUIPPED, LIEUTENANT WILSON WAS LEADING HIS PLATOON TOWARDS THE DULL MUTTER OF GUNS.



BY MID-DAY, THE BATTALION WAS IN THE FORWARD AREA. AHEAD OF THEM STRETCHED THE HOSTILE WILDERNESS OF NO MAN'S LAND.



## The Jaws of Death

EAGER TO ACQUIT HIMSELF, WILSON SET A BRISK PACE AS HE LED A SECTION OF HIS PLATOON OUT INTO THE DESOLATE COUNTRYSIDE.

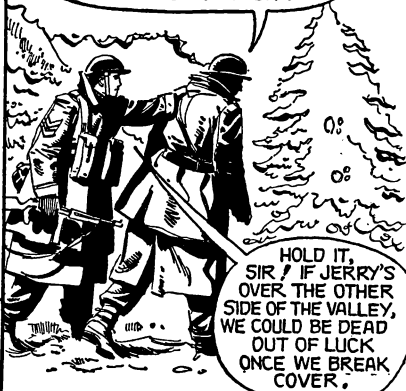
WILSON'S A BIT RAW FOR THIS SORT OF JOB, ISN'T HE?

HE'S GOT TO LEARN SOMETIME. SERGEANT GRANT KNOWS THE ROPES WELL ENOUGH, THEY SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT.



FOR THE FIRST HOUR, THE SECTION'S ROUTE LAY THROUGH DENSE CONIFEROUS FOREST.

THANK THE LORD WE'RE CLEAR OF THE TREES. NOW WE CAN CRACK ON A BIT.



HOLD IT, SIR! IF JERRY'S OVER THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY, WE COULD BE DEAD. OUT OF LUCK ONCE WE BREAK COVER.

WILSON GLANCED AT THE LOW, THREATENING SKY. DARKNESS WAS NOT MANY HOURS AWAY.

DETAIL OFF A MAN TO FORM POINT SECTION WITH CORPORAL TANNER. THEY CAN PUSH ON AHEAD AND WE'LL KEEP WELL SPREAD OUT.



RIGHT, SIR!

## The Jaws of Death

21

WITH BLEAK EYES, THE SERGEANT SEARCHED THE TERRAIN. NOTHING STIRRED, BUT A SIXTH SENSE CAUSED HIM TO GIVE AN INVOLUNTARY SHIVER.

JOCK, TAKE A BLOKE WITH YOU AND SHOVE OFF UP FRONT. THERE'S NO SIGN O' JERRY, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF IT.

I'LL WATCH IT, SARGE. HEY, BRADY, YOU'VE JUST VOLUNTEERED.

WHAT FOR, CORPORAL?



THE PATROL PUSHED ON, BUT THE SERGEANT'S FEARS HAD NOT BEEN GROUNDLESS. COLD EYES WATCHED THEIR PROGRESS FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE VALLEY.

HALTEN! ACHTUNG, PREPARE FOR ACTION!



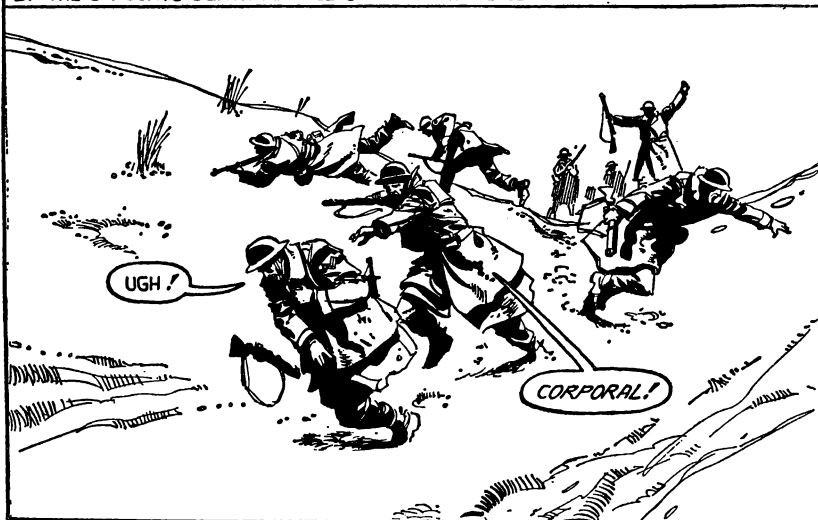
## The Jaws of Death

WITH A GRIM NOTE OF SATISFACTION, THE NAZI OFFICER BARKED OUT HIS ORDERS.

THERE ARE BUT A  
HANDFUL OF THE DOGS!  
PIN THEM TO THE GROUND  
WITH THE SPANDAU. THE  
REST, FOLLOW ME!



THE ATTACK CAME WITHOUT WARNING, THE SILENCE BEING SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY THE STACCATO DEATH RATTLE OF THE MACHINE GUN.





## The Jaws of Death

23

WITH THE BRITISH PINNED HELPLESSLY TO THE GROUND, THE GERMANS SWARMED DOWN TO THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY.



CURSING SAVAGELY, THE SERGEANT GLANCED HOPELESSLY ROUND FOR SOME AVENUE OF ESCAPE.

WE'RE NAILED DOWN HERE TIGHTER THAN A COFFIN LID. WHEN THEY COME IN WITH ONE ALMIGHTY RUSH, IT'LL BE CURTAINS!

KEEP HAMMERING, MEN! PICK YOUR TARGETS!



CORPORAL TANNER HAD BEEN BADLY MAULED BY THE FIRST WITHERING BURST OF FIRE BUT HE WAS NOT A MAN TO DIE EASILY.

HOLD STILL AN' I'LL...

DINNA FUSS WITH ME, LADDIE—I'LL NO BE GANGIN' FARTHER. LISTEN—YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT SPANDAU, IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE...



THE CORPORAL'S VOICE TRAILED AWAY TO SILENCE... BRADY WAS ON HIS OWN.

## The Jaws of Death

FOR A MOMENT, THE BIG MAN HESITATED. THEN HE STARTED TO WORM HIS WAY UP TOWARDS THE RIDGE...



INTENT ON THEIR MURDEROUS TASK, THE GERMAN GUNNERS DID NOT SEE THE THREAT EDGING TOWARDS THEM, UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.

KEEP FEEDING THE GUN, RUDI!

OTTO!  
ACHTUNG!  
AAGH!



## The Jaws of Death

25

INSTANTLY, THE GERMAN TRAVERSED THE GUN, BUT ALREADY BRADY WAS  
FLINGING AT HIM...

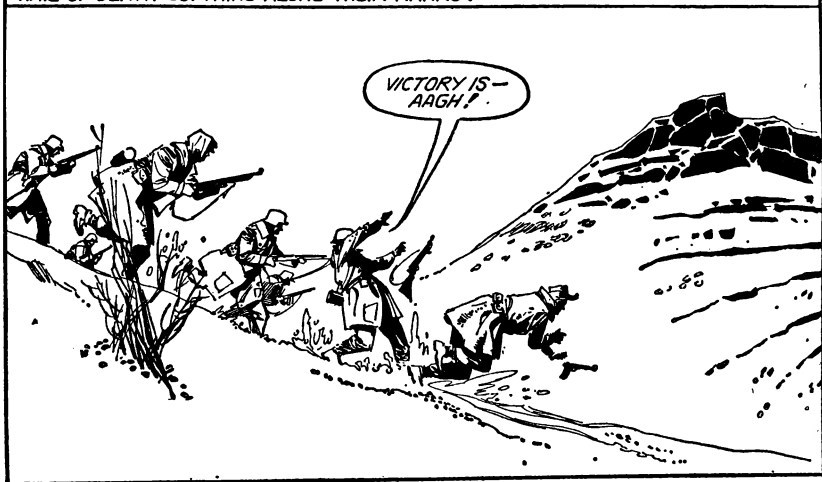


AT THAT MOMENT, THE GERMANS GAINED THEIR OUTFLANKING POSITION AND BEGAN  
THEIR LAST CHARGE.



## The Jaws of Death

BUT EVEN AS THE GERMANS STORMED TRIUMPHANTLY FORWARD, BRADY SENT A HAIL OF DEATH SCYTHING ALONG THEIR RANKS.

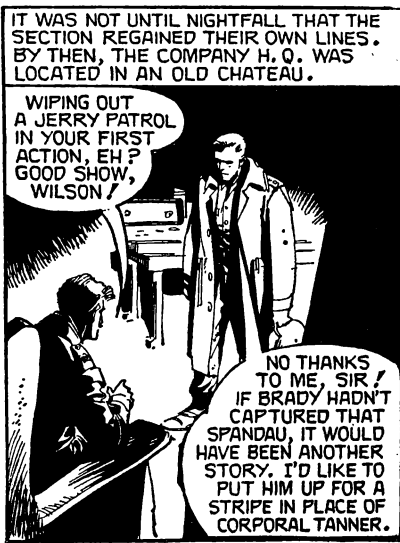


THE FIRE FROM  
BRADY'S CAPTURED  
SPANDAU ROUTED  
THAT ENEMY ATTACK  
COMPLETELY.

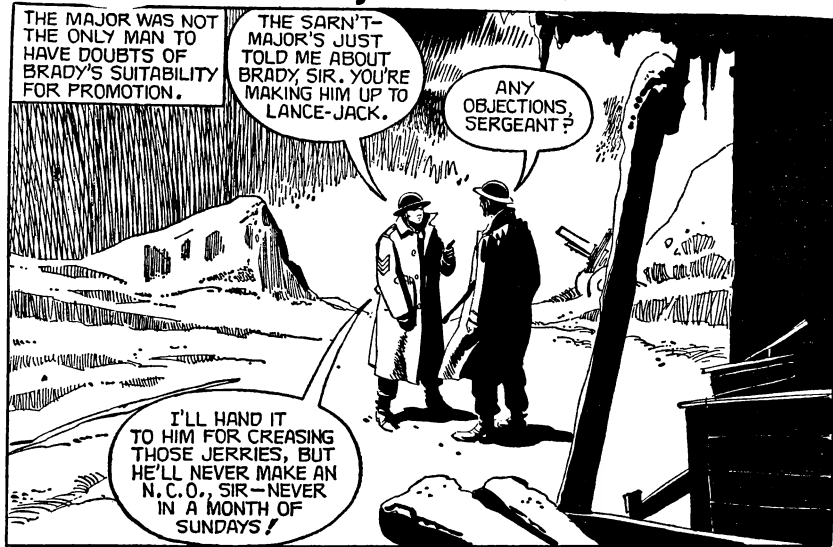
I THOUGHT WE'D  
HAD IT THEN, SERGEANT.  
IF CORPORAL TANNER  
HADN'T REACHED THE  
GERMAN M.G....

IT WASN'T  
JOCK TANNER, SIR.  
IT WAS BRADY!



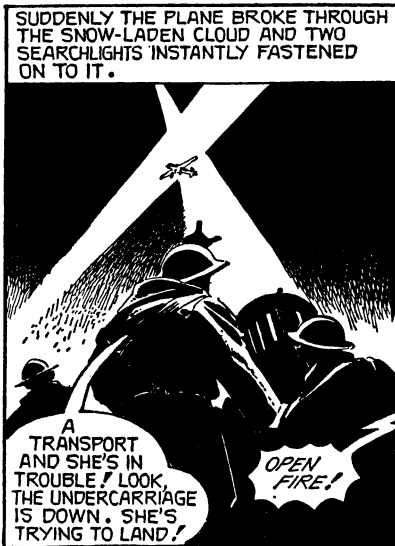
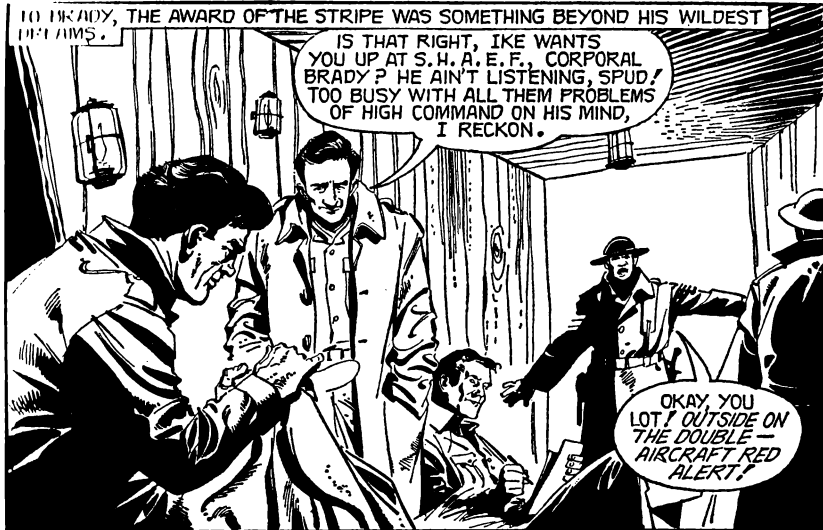


## The Jaws of Death



# The Jaws of Death

29





## The Jaws of Death

THE GERMAN PLANE WAS LOSING HEIGHT RAPIDLY AND THE GUNS SHUT OFF AS IT DROPPED BELOW THEIR TRAJECTORY.

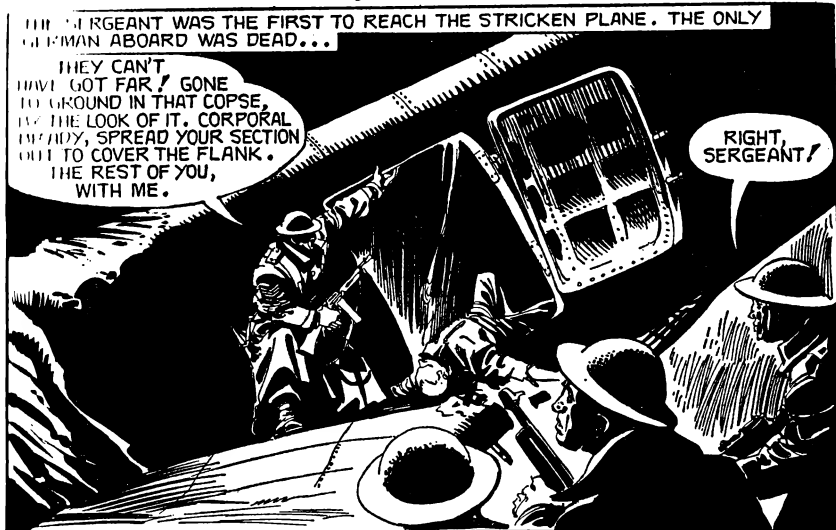


THEY FOUND THE GERMAN TRANSPORT LYING CRUMPLED IN THE CENTRE OF A LARGE FIELD.



# The Jaws of Death

31

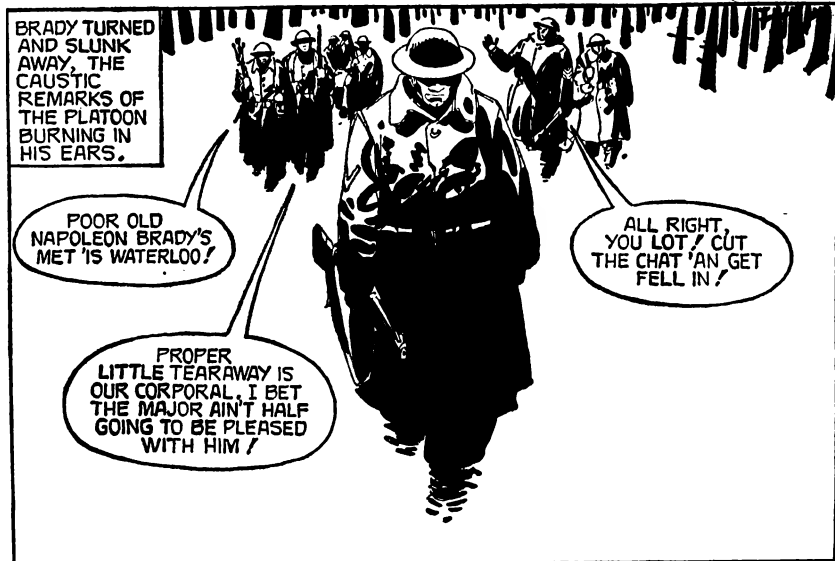


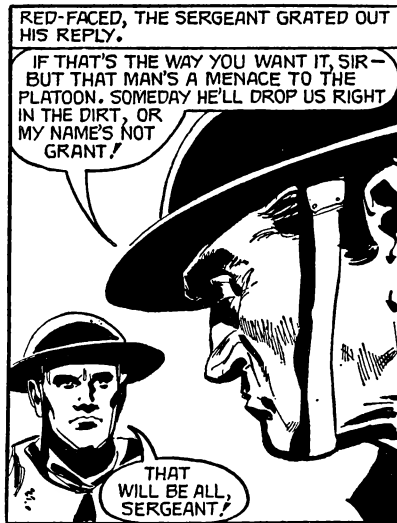
## The Jaws of Death

WHEN BRADY REACHED THE GERMANS, SERGEANT GRANT TURNED ANGRILY ON HIM.



BRADY TURNED  
AND SLUNK  
AWAY. THE  
CAUSTIC  
REMARKS OF  
THE PLATOON  
BURNING IN  
HIS EARS.





## The Jaws of Death

QUINCE SIDLED UP TO THE CRESTFALLEN BRADY...

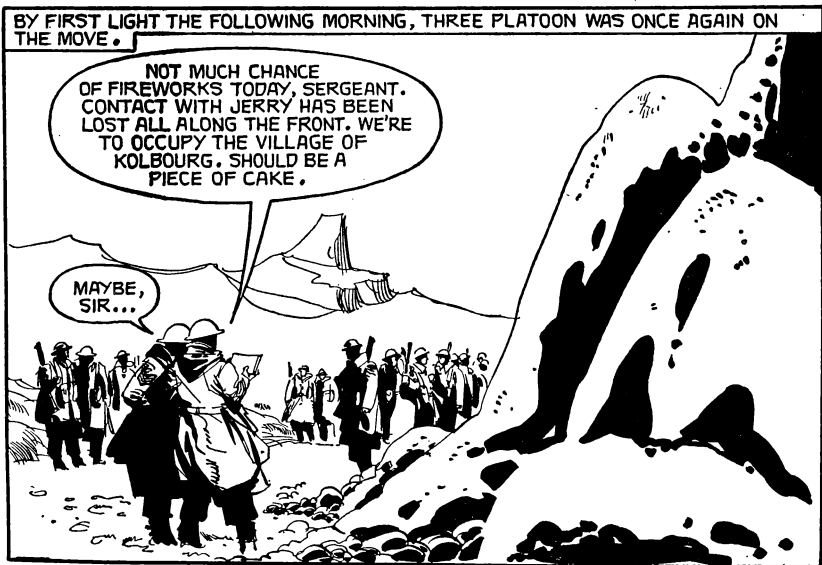
YOU MARK MY WORDS, BOXER. THAT JOKER'S GOING TO MAKE IT SO HOT FOR YOU, YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER DRAWN BREATH.



BY FIRST LIGHT THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THREE PLATOON WAS ONCE AGAIN ON THE MOVE.

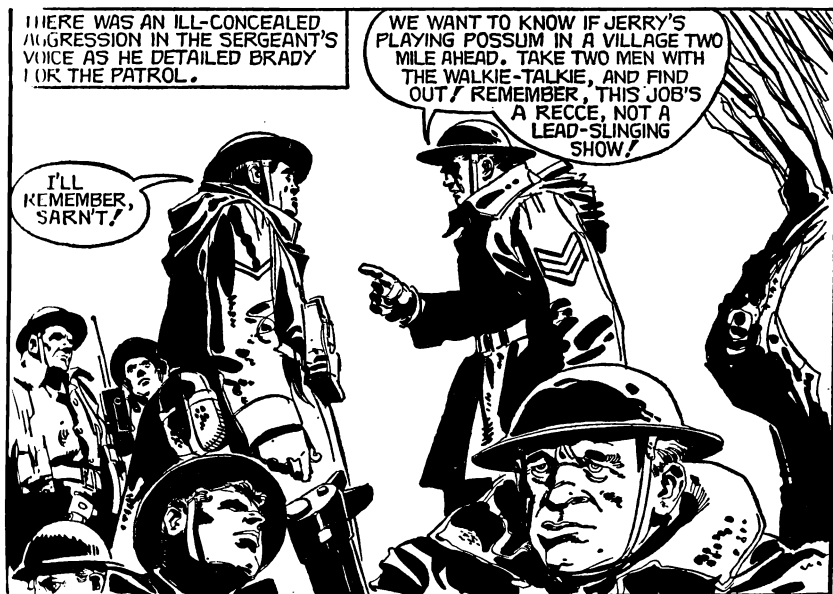
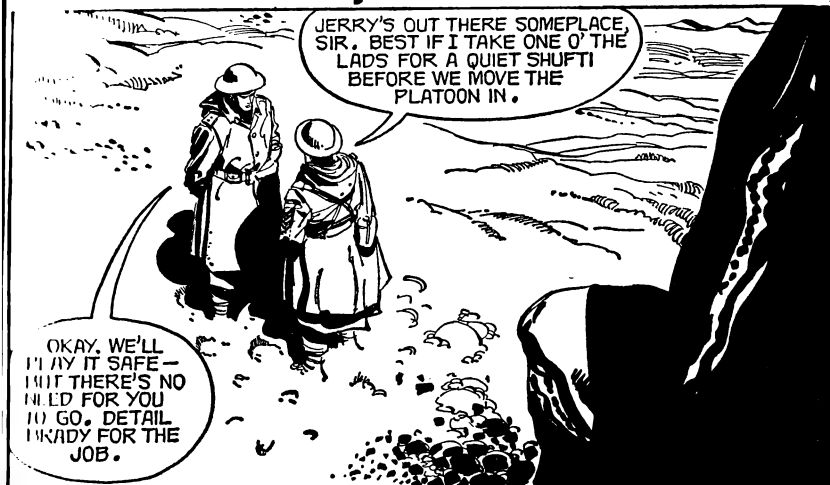
NOT MUCH CHANCE OF FIREWORKS TODAY, SERGEANT. CONTACT WITH JERRY HAS BEEN LOST ALL ALONG THE FRONT. WE'RE TO OCCUPY THE VILLAGE OF KOLBOURG. SHOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE.

MAYBE, SIR...

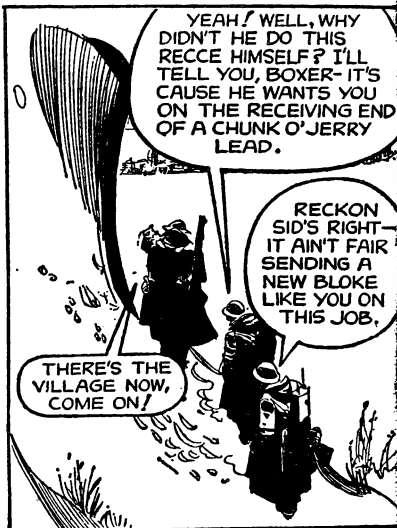
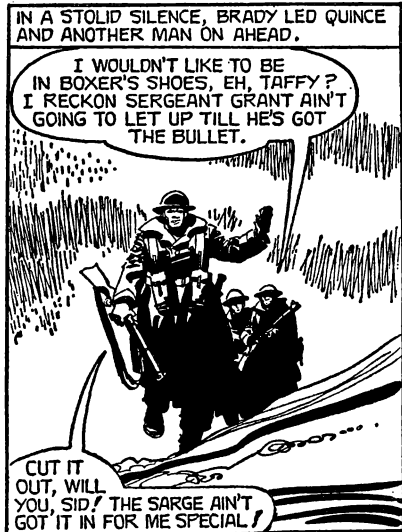


## The Jaws of Death

35



## The Jaws of Death

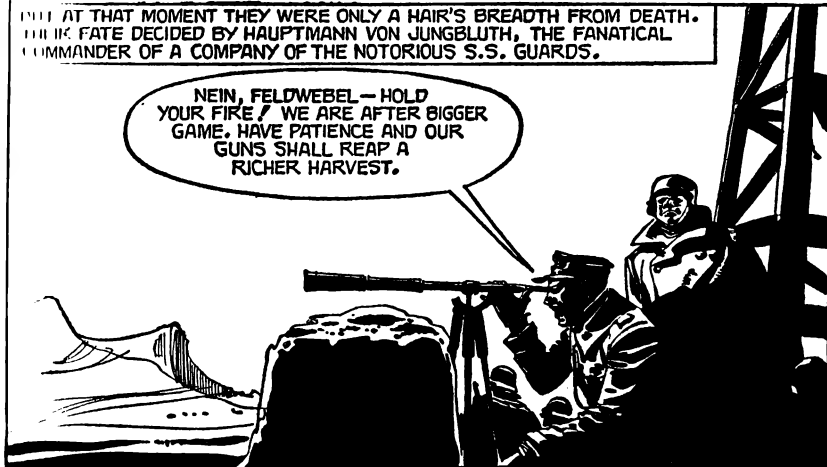




## Chapter 3. Turn of the Tide

AT THAT MOMENT THEY WERE ONLY A HAIR'S BREADTH FROM DEATH. THEIR FATE DECIDED BY HAUPTMANN VON JUNGBLUTH, THE FANATICAL COMMANDER OF A COMPANY OF THE NOTORIOUS S.S. GUARDS.

NEIN, FELDWEBEL—HOLD  
YOUR FIRE! WE ARE AFTER BIGGER  
GAME. HAVE PATIENCE AND OUR  
GUNS SHALL REAP A  
RICHER HARVEST.

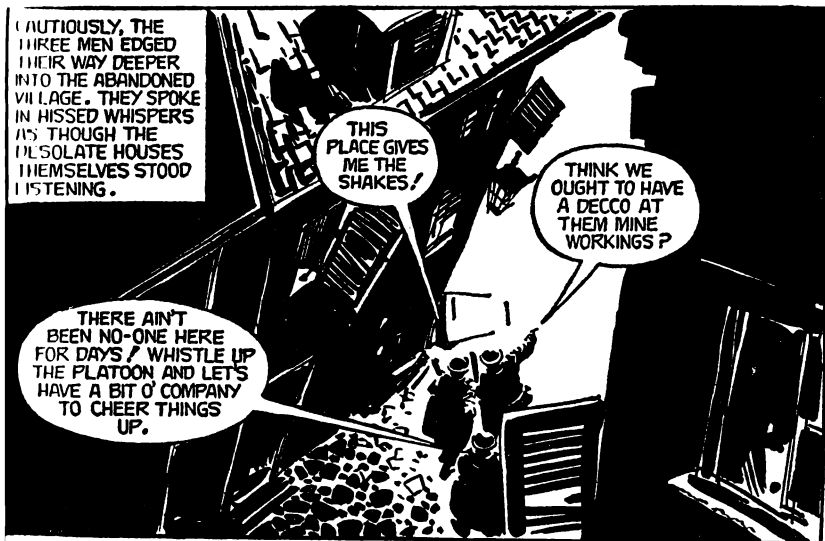


CAUTIOUSLY, THE  
THREE MEN EDGED  
THEIR WAY DEEPER  
INTO THE ABANDONED  
VILLAGE. THEY SPOKE  
IN HISSED WHISPERS  
AS, THOUGH THE  
DESOLATE HOUSES  
THEMSELVES STOOD  
LISTENING.

THIS  
PLACE GIVES  
ME THE  
SHAKES!

THINK WE  
OUGHT TO HAVE  
A DECCO AT  
THEM MINE  
WORKINGS?

THERE AIN'T  
BEEN NO-ONE HERE  
FOR DAYS! WHISTLE UP  
THE PLATOON AND LET'S  
HAVE A BIT O' COMPANY  
TO CHEER THINGS  
UP.



## The Jaws of Death

EVEN AS BRADY'S SIGNAL CRACKLED THROUGH THE STATIC — A DEADLY TRAP WAS CLOSING AROUND KOLBOURG.



A MILE AND A HALF BACK DOWN THE ROAD, THE LIEUTENANT SMILED WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS FROM THE WIRELESS OPERATOR.



## The Jaws of Death

39

THERE WAS A NOTE OF RELIEF IN  
THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE AS HE SAW THE  
PLATOON SWING INTO SIGHT.



AT A BRISK PACE, THE PLATOON STRUCK  
OVER THE LAST FIVE HUNDRED YARDS OF  
OPEN GROUND. BUT NAZI EYES FOLLOWED  
THEIR PROGRESS GREEDILY.



THE CAPTAIN'S ARM DROPPED AND THE  
GERMAN MACHINE GUNS OPENED UP IN A  
WICKED CHANT OF DEATH.



## The Jaws of Death

VICIOUS LINES OF TRACER LASHING THROUGH THEIR RANKS, THE PLATOON DIVED FRANTICALLY FOR COVER.

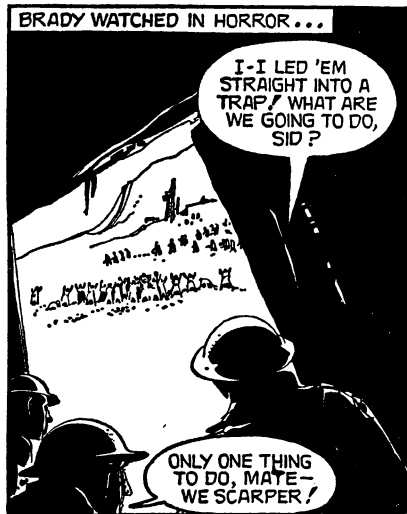


THE FIRING DIED TO A SPORADIC CHATTER AND A HARSH VOICE RANG OUT.



## The Jaws of Death

41



## The Jaws of Death

QUINCE MOVED THEN — MERCILESSLY AND WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING COBRA. TAFFY MORGAN CRUMPLED SLOWLY, SHOT IN THE HEART.



AT BAYONET POINT, THE BRITISH PRISONERS WERE FORCED DOWN THE MINE SHAFT INTO A WELL-LIT GALLERY...



## The Jaws of Death

43

||| NAZI CAPTAIN SPOKE FAULTLESS ENGLISH, BUT HIS EYES BLAZED WITH HATRED.

WE WILL BE UNABLE TO ENTERTAIN YOU FOR LONG. SOME OF YOUR COMRADES HAVE ESCAPED, SO WE ARE FORCED TO EVACUATE OUR HIDING-PLACE. UNFORTUNATELY, YOU MUST REMAIN HERE, *PERMANENTLY!*



YOU COLD-BLOODED SWINE!  
WE'RE PRISONERS OF WAR.  
I DEMAND...



YOU CAN DEMAND NOTHING! THOSE WHO DARE TO MARCH AGAINST THE FATHERLAND, MUST PAY FOR THE PRIVILEGE. TAKE THEM AWAY!

## The Jaws of Death

URGED ON BY BLOWS FROM RIFLE BUTTS, THE BRITISH PRISONERS WERE CROWDED INTO A SMALL BLIND GALLERY OF A WORKED-OUT COAL SEAM.

WHEN THIS HAS BURN'T OUT,  
YOU WILL NOT BE NEEDING LIGHT.  
AUF WIEDERSHEN, KAMERADEN!

YOU  
MURDEROUS  
SWINE!

THE MASSIVE DOOR SLAMMED WITH A GRIM FINALITY ON THE ENTOMBED MEN.  
THE SERGEANT GLANCED ACROSS AT MICHAEL WILSON.

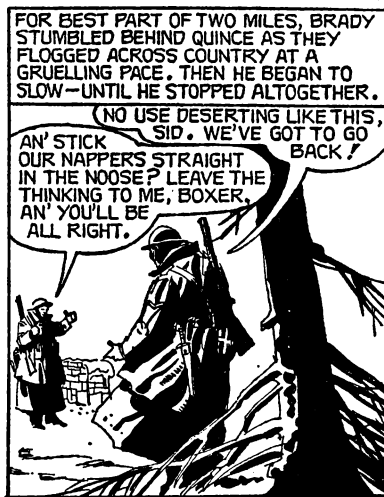
DON'T LET IT  
THROW YOU, SIR—  
WE'RE NOT DEAD  
YET!

IT'S NO THANKS  
TO ME. I'VE LEARNT  
MY LESSON A BIT  
LATE— BUT I WAS  
CERTAIN BRADY  
ONLY NEEDED A  
CHANCE.

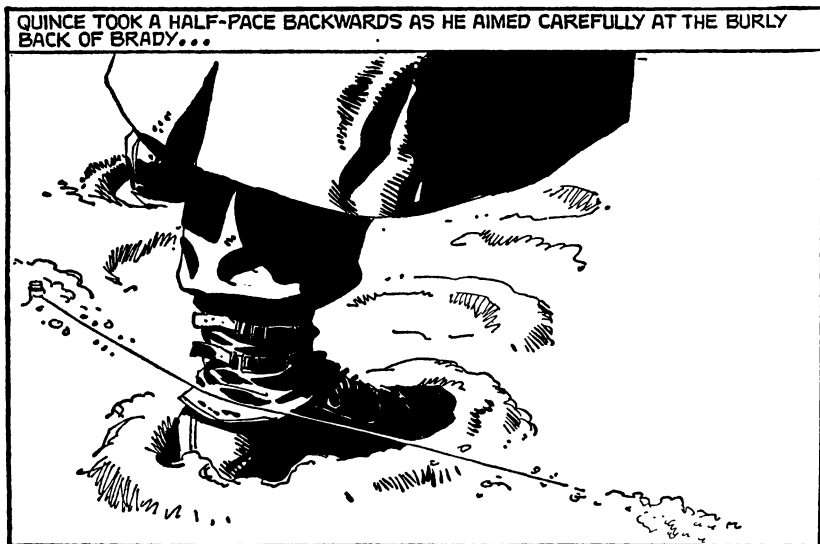
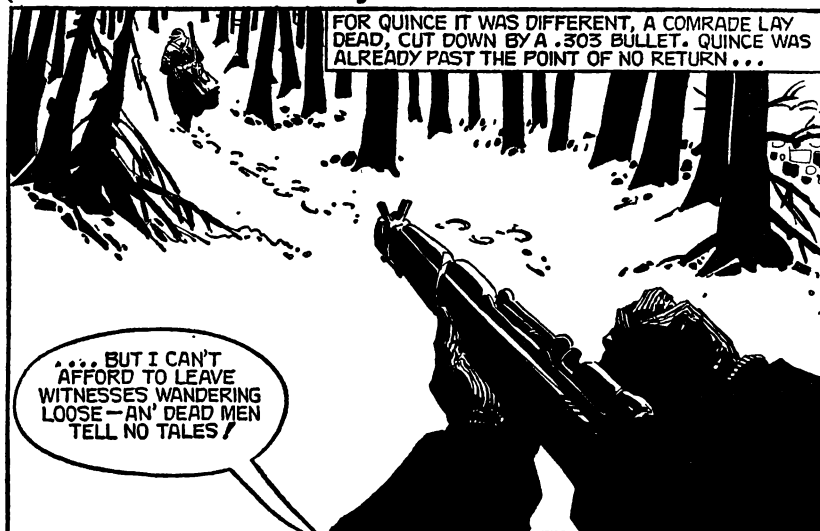


## The Jaws of Death

45



## The Jaws of Death



## The Jaws of Death

47

IT NEEDED ONLY A TOUCH ON THE TRIP WIRE—AND THE SCHUMINE EXPLODED SAVAGELY.

AAAGH!



BRADY STOOD IN SILENCE, GAZING AT THE DEEP, JAGGED HOLE TORN IN THE ICE.



THE OVERCAST SKY WAS AGAIN SHEDDING ITS HEAVY LOAD AS BRADY REACHED HIGH GROUND OVERLOOKING KOLBOURG.

JERRY'S STILL THERE—I'M NOT TOO LATE!



## The Jaws of Death

USING EVERY INCH OF \*DEAD\* GROUND, HE WORKED HIS WAY DOWN UNTIL HE WAS CLOSE IN AMONG THE MINE BUILDINGS.



THE  
UNTERLEUTNANT  
SAYS WE MOVE  
BACK TONIGHT,  
KARL.

I HOPE IT  
IS TRUE—THIS  
COLD EATS  
INTO MY BONES.

DESPERATELY, BRADY SEARCHED FOR SOME MEANS OF DIVERTING THE GERMANS' ATTENTION.



GOT TO  
CLOBBER THEM  
QUIETLY, OR I'LL  
STIR UP THE WHOLE  
HORNETS' NEST.

## The Jaws of Death

49

WITH A STARTLED OATH, ONE OF THE NAZIS SPUN ROUND AS BRADY'S SNOWBALL SPLATTERED AGAINST THE BACK OF HIS NECK.



THE NAZI STRODE ANGRILY ROUND THE BUILDING— AND NEVER EVEN SENSED THE SLEDGEHAMMER BLOW THAT POLE-AXED HIM



THE OTHER GERMAN WAS STILL CURSING AND RAKING SNOW FROM HIS COLLAR WHEN HE HEARD THE SNAP OF A RIFLE BEHIND HIM.



## The Jaws of Death

THE GERMAN MADE A DIVE FOR COVER, BUT BRADY'S RIFLE BUTT DROPPED HIM ALSO.

AACH!

YOU WERE A BIT SLOW OFF THE MARK THEN, MATE!



THERE WAS A NEW FOUND ASSURANCE IN THE LANCE-CORPORAL AS HE MOVED WARILY INTO THE MINE SHAFT.

THIS IS WHERE I EARN MY TAPE. I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO DO IT, BUT SOMEHOW I'M GETTING THE LADS OUT O' THIS.



## The Jaws of Death

51

AHEAD, A LIGHT PIERCED THE GLOOM AND GUSTS OF RAUCOUS LAUGHTER ECHOED ALONG THE PASSAGE. BRADY EASED A 36 MILLS BOMB FROM HIS POUCH.



## The Jaws of Death

THEN DEATH CAME HURTLING FROM THE SHADOWS...



THERE WAS AN EAR-SPLITTING DETONATION AND A LONG CONVULSIVE SHUDDER RAN THROUGH THE MINE AS THE WHOLE OF THE GALLERY CAVED IN.



TO THE TRAPPED MEN OF THE PLATOON, THE MUTED ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION SOUNDED LIKE THEIR DEATH KNELL.

JERRY'S BLOWN THE SHAFT! WE'RE TRAPPED - WE CAN'T GET OUT!

SHUT UP! HENDERSON, CLARK, YOU'RE BOTH PRETTY HEFTY - PUT SOME BEEF AGAINST THAT DOOR!



THE TWO MEN THREW THEIR WEIGHT AGAINST THE DOOR, BUT IT REMAINED STOLIDLY DEFIANT.

IT'S NO GOOD, SIR, IT WON'T BUDGE! BUT WE COULD HAVE A CRACK AT IT WITH SOME ROCK?





SERGEANT GRANT'S VOICE ADDED AN OMINOUS CHILL TO THE ATMOSPHERE.



HIS NERVES IN SHREDS, A YOUNG INFANTRYMAN FLUNG HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOOR.



## The Jaws of Death

IT WAS THE FRENZIED HAMMERING THAT ROUSED BRADY FROM HIS STUPOR.



BUT THE GRENADE HAD NOT KILLED ALL THE S.S. MEN. HAUPTMANN VON JUNGBLUTH RAISED HIS LUGER AS HE SAW BRADY COME GROPING DOWN THE SHAFT.



THE LUGER SPAT FLAME AND BRADY FELT A SEARING PAIN LANCE THROUGH HIS CHEST. BUT EVEN AS HE CRUMPLED, HE TRIGGERED OFF TWO QUICK SHOTS.

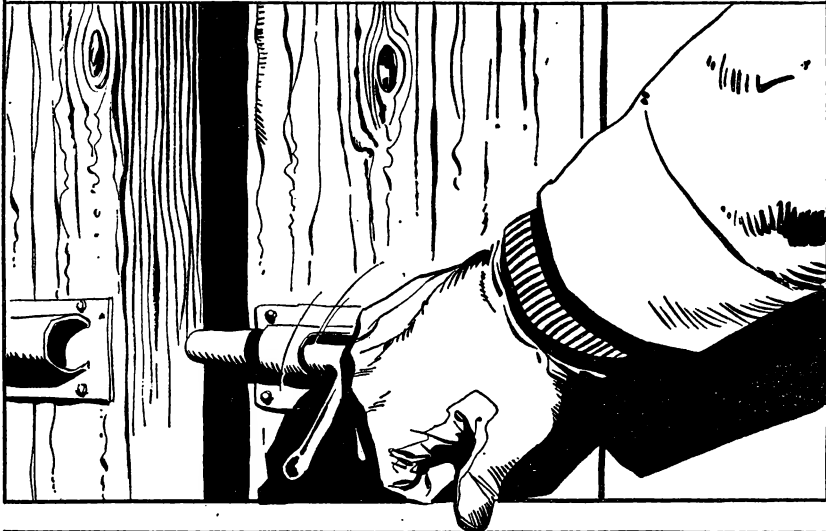


A FILMY MIST WAS FORMING ACROSS BRADY'S EYES. VAGUELY HE COULD SEE A DOOR ONLY TEN FEET AWAY AND HEAR A KNOCKING THAT HELD A DESPERATE URGENCY.



## The Jaws of Death

TWICE HIS FAST-NUMBING FINGERS FAILED TO SHIFT THE HEAVY, RUSTED BOLT. THEN, WITH A FINAL TORTURED EFFORT, HE WRENCHED IT FREE.



THE BODY OF THE NAZI OFFICER AND THE TRAIL OF BLOOD TOLD A SILENT BUT HEROIC TALE.



FOR A MOMENT, BRADY RALLIED HIS FAILING STRENGTH. WILSON BENT CLOSE TO CATCH THE FAINT WHISPER OF HIS VOICE.



BRADY HAD BEEN A SIMPLE MAN AND THE ROUGH CROSS THAT MARKED HIS RESTING PLACE BORE A SIMPLE EPITAPH.



## The Jaws of Death

IN THOSE LAST FEW DAYS, WAR AND THE TRAGEDY OF ONE LONELY MAN HAD ROBBED LIEUTENANT MICHAEL WILSON OF HIS CALLOW YOUTHFULNESS—BUT THE PLATOON HAD GAINED AN OFFICER WHO WAS FIT TO LEAD THEM.



# COMMAND PERFORMANCE

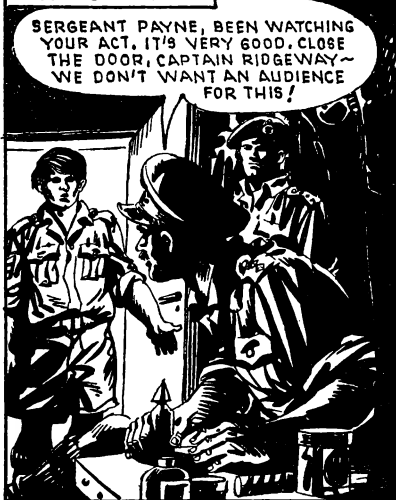
BERT PAYNE WAS AN ENTERTAINER, SO WHEN HE JOINED UP, THEY MADE HIM SERGEANT AND PUT HIM IN AN ENSA TROOP...

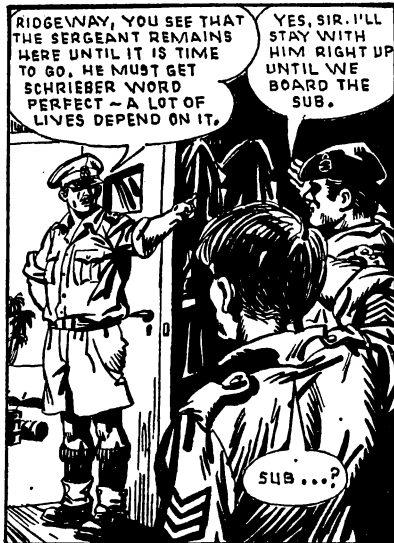
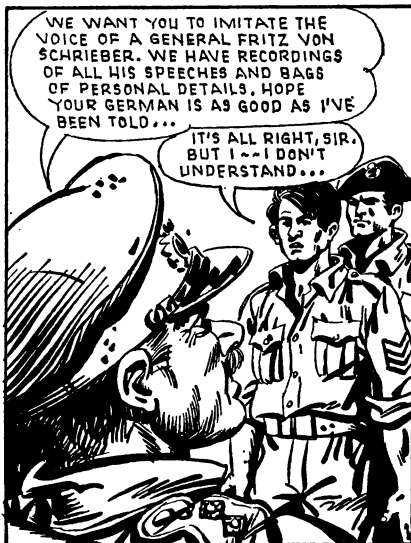


PAYNE HAD NO ILLUSIONS ABOUT HIS INSIGNIFICANT PART IN THE WAR...

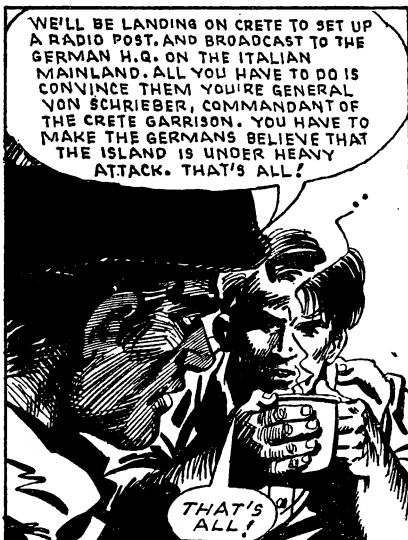


WHEN PAYNE REACHED HIS MAKESHIFT DRESSING ROOM...



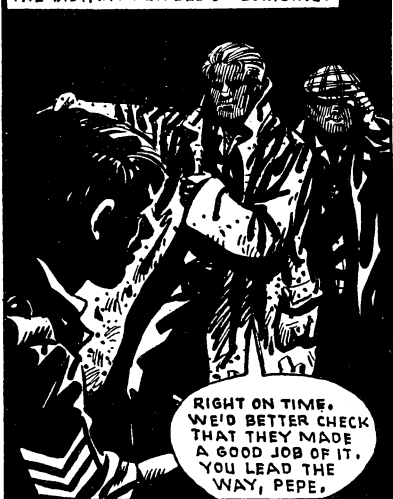








ON THE HOUR EXACTLY, THEY HEARD THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF BOMBING.



RIGHT ON TIME. WE'D BETTER CHECK THAT THEY MADE A GOOD JOB OF IT. YOU LEAD THE WAY, PEPE.

BERT PAYNE SPENT SEVENTY NAIL-BITING MINUTES WAITING FOR THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN RIDGEWAY...

THE R.A.F. DID THEIR BIT! TAKE JERRY DAYS TO PATCH UP THAT RADIO AGAIN. THERE ISN'T ANOTHER LONG RANGE TRANSMITTER ON THIS ISLAND ~ EXCEPT OURS! READY, PAYNE?



I-I THINK SO, SIR.

LATER THAT SAME DAY, A GERMAN H.Q. BASE IN SICILY PICKED UP AN URGENT CALL.

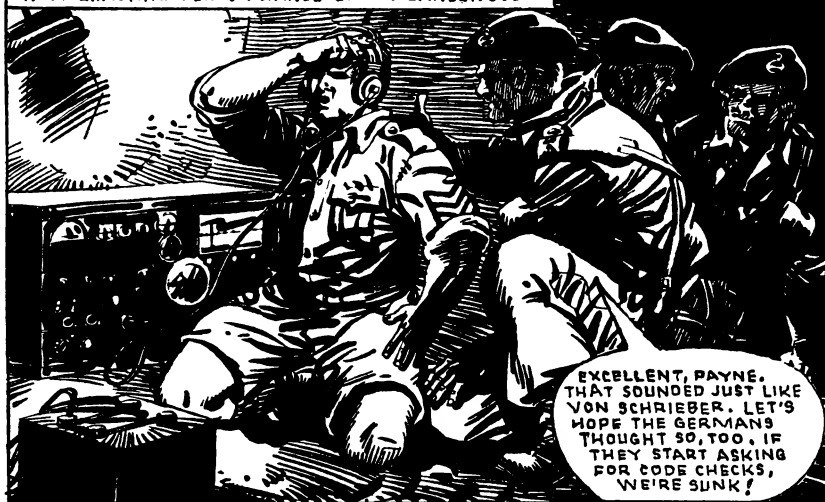


ACHTUNG! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! WE ARE UNDER HEAVY ATTACK. PARATROOPS ARE DROPPING...

HERR HAUPTMANN! A RED ALERT FROM Q.S. TWO!

HIMMEL! CALL THE FIELD MARSHAL IMMEDIATELY!

AND ON CRETE, BERT PAYNE FELT EXHAUSTED AFTER THE MOST EXACTING PERFORMANCE OF HIS CAREER...



EXCELLENT, PAYNE. THAT SOUNDED JUST LIKE VON SCHRIEBER. LET'S HOPE THE GERMANS THOUGHT SO, TOO, IF THEY START ASKING FOR CODE CHECKS, WE'RE SUNK!

I EXPECT YOU ARE WONDERING WHAT ALL THESE ANTICS ARE ABOUT. IN ANOTHER EIGHT HOURS, OUR TROOPS WILL BE HITTING THE SICILY BEACHES. YOUR JOB WAS TO MAKE THE ENEMY THINK THE ATTACK IS COMING HERE!



WE KNOW JERRY HAS TWO CRACK DIVISIONS ON SICILY. IF WE CAN DIVERT THEM HERE ~ TO STOP AN INVASION...



NOW I UNDERSTAND! AND WE STAY HERE TILL OUR TROOPS HAVE LANDED IN SICILY, I SUPPOSE!



AGAIN PAYNE TOOK THE MICROPHONE ~ FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS LIFE!

OOONNERWETTER, CARL, THE ALLIES ARE ATTACKING US. I HAVE NO TIME TO GIVE CODE NAMES. THEY HAVE TWO BEACHHEADS ESTABLISHED AND I NEED REINFORCEMENTS - IMMEDIATELY!



AFTER THAT, THE GERMANS CALLED A COUPLE OF TIMES ASKING FOR DETAILS. THEN ALL WENT QUIET.

WELL, OUR TIME'S UP! RIGHT NOW OUR BOYS WILL BE POURING ON TO THE BEACHES AT SICILY AND THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING IF OUR BLUFF WORKED!





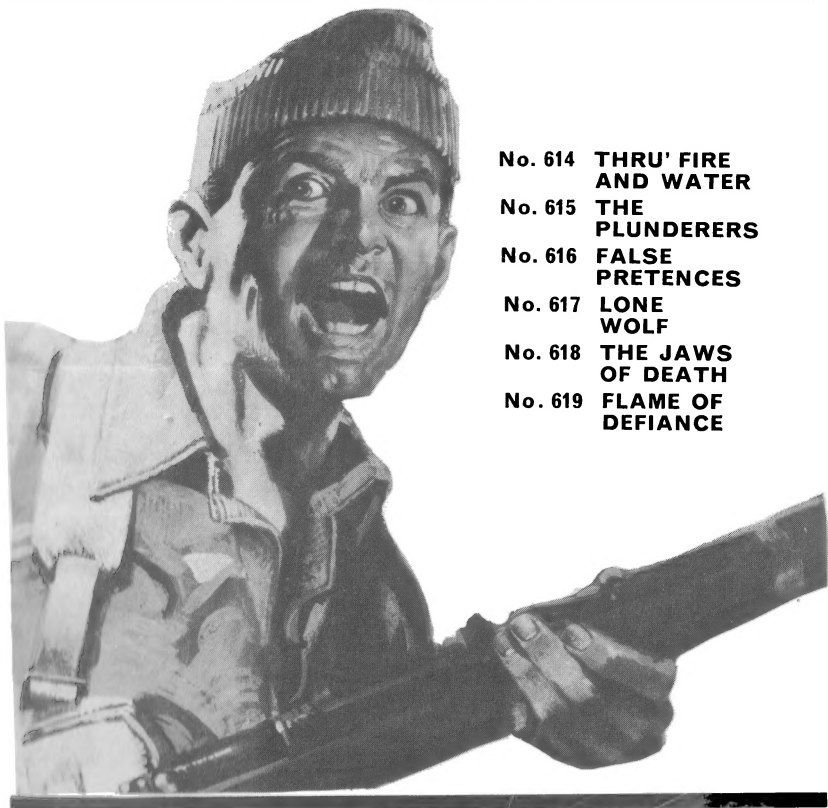
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